

EXHIBIT F

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Your Honor,

I wanted to write to you to express my overwhelming shame and disgust at myself for the disgusting crimes I have committed and the tremendous wrong that I have done. I must take responsibility for the pain, the damage and the harm that I have caused.

There are no words to express the level of shame that I feel over my despicable actions. I am ravaged with guilt, eaten up by it always.

In the words of Cain, confronted by God after killing Abel, "my sin is too great to bear." Your Honor, my feeling of disgust and shame over what I did keeps me up at night and haunts me throughout the day. Since I have been in jail, I can count on one hand the number of times my conscience has allowed me to sleep through the night. Even 3 years later, when I fall asleep nightmares about my guilt wake me up in the night and I carry the horror of my colossal moral failure with me in my heart and my mind all day long.

Not one hour of one day, scarcely one minute of one hour, goes by without me thinking of the victims of my crimes and the effect my actions have had on them.

I am devastated by my failures and the pain and the hurt that I have caused through them. I have shamed my community, I have harmed children, I have injured people I've never met, I have betrayed students and I have brought disgrace on my family. This is what I think about and meditate on all day every day.

I am disgusted with myself, sickened that I could stoop so low and repulsed by the repugnance of my deeds. I have committed one of the cardinal sins of Judaism, behaving in a way that profanes the name of God. I have sinned

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against man and against God and I know no respite. My actions are a legacy of shame and a mark of Cain upon me. I can never live them down. I feel like the Psalmist in Psalm 22 who wrote: "But I am like a worm and not a man, the disgrace of my fellow men and despised by the people!"

For the longest time I have wanted to apologize to the victims of my crimes and I hope to be able to read a special apology to them in court. I have written a letter for each of them apologizing from the depths of my heart, which I gave to my lawyer. I am devastated that I have been the cause of so much hurt and pain to other people. I would pay any price to be able to go back in time and spare their pain. I think of their pain all the time and I pray for them consistently throughout the day.

Every day, in the early afternoon I spend about an hour saying Psalms in their merit finishing the entire book at least once a week. I know that praying for people I have damaged doesn't go any way towards absolving me of my guilt but I believe it is at least some small thing I can do for them and I'm desperate to at least do something. I will continue to pray for them as long as God grants me life.

I read somewhere after I came to jail that victims of crimes sometimes blame themselves for what happened. That made me very sad. I want to say clearly in court that I and I alone am to blame for what happened. The responsibility for my despicable behavior lies only with me.

Your Honor, when I look back at the crimes I committed, I feel a sense of horror that I could have done such vile things, a sense that is so acute + overpowering that I can not adequately describe it in words. It seems

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so irrational, so disgusting, so obviously immoral, such a betrayal that I feel like it must have been another person who did it, someone else who set up fake social media and email accounts and emailed minors asking them to send me nude pictures. Except it wasn't someone else, it was me.

Coming to jail started a long process of therapy and evaluations that have helped me to understand [REDACTED] and that there are certain differences between me and [REDACTED] individuals. I was diagnosed with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
I came to understand that I had let various narrow [REDACTED] take over. I let these [REDACTED] lead me to the reprehensibility of my behavior and the disgusting nature of my conduct.

I know that you have the various evaluations conducted both by us and the court-appointed psychologist but I want to try and detail for you just a little bit about me, my life and how I managed to cause myself to get involved in such disgusting behavior.

It is important for me to make it clear that there was never any sexual element to my behavior. I have never had any desire to have sex with minors - the very thought of it repulses me. Even when I requested nude images from minors on the internet I found the images to be physically repulsive.

It's not just minors that I have no sexual desire for. I don't wish to have sex with anyone at all. When I was younger, I guess until my early 20s I didn't understand that there was such a thing as sexual desire. The idea of dating and marriage was hugely perplexing to me. At some stage I began to understand that there was such a thing as sexual desire and I felt deficient, unworthy and sinful that I didn't experience it. Religiously, I understand it to be a personal failure because I understood that I had a religious obligation

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to get married, that this was considered very important and yet I didn't really think I'd be able to do it. It was only through therapy in jail that I came to the conclusion that if I don't have any sexual identity at all, I can't spend my life beating myself up about not being normal. Marriage wouldn't be healthy for me or the person I married.

[REDACTED] never stood in the way of my ability to be successful academically at school or in college. In fact, they probably helped. And in my career they drove me to work hard and specialize in technical things like language acquisition and curriculum development. But [REDACTED] did greatly impact, looking back, the way I understood the world. Through continued therapy I have come to understand that behavior that I considered normal, or was blind to, was not normal at all.

Most of these behaviors impacted only me. For example, as a child, I'd want to sit in my bedroom by myself all day [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] it frustrated my parents but the behavior affected only me. When I was 11 years old I met a woman who mentioned that she was from a certain neighborhood in Jerusalem I'd never been to. She and my parents were shocked when I started mapping out the entire neighborhood for her. At the time I thought this was normal. Most of my [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] At some point many years later [REDACTED] that I should never have gotten anywhere near [REDACTED] that I had developed ended up combining with terrible consequences.

The first related to [REDACTED]

I was born with [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I don't remember being

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particularly conscious of it until around age 5 or 6 [REDACTED]

in the presence of other students. Looking back, I think that from that day onwards my life was never the same.

i start [REDACTED]

Even as an

adult I would often wear long sweaters or oversized hoodies at work [REDACTED]

Other than for work or to

buy food I'd almost never leave home [REDACTED]

and [REDACTED]

i wasn't even aware that that was abnormal until I went through therapy in jail.

The second [REDACTED] related to the fact that I went through puberty very late and was made fun of because of it. I was always the smallest student in the grade and communal showers in summer camps my mother forced me to attend were hellish situations for me. I was sure I was the only person in the world not going through puberty [REDACTED]

As I got older into my late 20s and early 30s I continued to [REDACTED] over why I was so abnormal in pubertal development and why I never developed a sexual identity. I wondered if the two things were connected. I tried to research these issues but there was not enough information on line or in library books. The same few generic sentences would appear over and over.

In an enormous moral lapse I decided to make a fake facebook account and email address to help me do what I thought of at the time as research. I was trying to ask teenage boys questions about sexuality [REDACTED]

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Tanner stage development. Even writing that sentence now feels horrific, I want to vomit just looking back over it and seeing those words come out of my pen.

I thought that if I could find someone who was developing in the same way I had then perhaps I'd be normal too. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED], that if I found someone who developed like me then I could go back and correct my development. Even when I was asking teenagers for nude pictures I found the pictures physically repulsive but [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I was trying to understand. Looking back now, I'm so furious with myself for how disgusting and how stupid I was. In retrospect after therapy it seems so clear, so obvious.

I lay in bed at night saying to myself over and over "How did you ask minors, including some of your own students, for nude pictures. Are you nuts?" I would never deliberately hurt another person, and I would never intentionally break the law

Money was never a big motivator for me. I worked in education because I wanted to help children, not hurt them. I was an extremely dedicated teacher and I worked many more hours each week than I was paid for knowing that I have become the cause of other people's hurt and pain is devastating for me.

After being diagnosed with [REDACTED] I found a book in MCC's library by [REDACTED] that contained a lot of information about [REDACTED] It was like reading about myself for the first time in my life. One of the things that I learned was that [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. Suddenly lots of things in my life made sense.

I always had [REDACTED] while everyone

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else just seemed to know them, for example.

When I went through my PSR with my lawyer recently and we got to the part that describes what I did, I could hardly keep myself from falling off the chair. I couldn't stop crying. I couldn't believe that I could have been involved in something so disgusting, so contrary to every value I hold dear. When I asked teenaged boys to send me nude pictures I was very sick. My head was not straight.

In some ways, being arrested was a blessing. I can't pretend that jail is anything other than an unfathomably long, tortuous nightmare. But it has forced me to come to terms through therapy and repeated evaluations with my [REDACTED] issues and to learn how to process them and deal with them healthily so that I can again become a productive member of society. Being locked in all day for so long has forced me to spend countless hours thinking, going over every aspect of my life. I just wish I could somehow go back in time and have this happen before I hurt another person. It is to my eternal shame and deepest regret that that's not what happened and I alone bear responsibility for that.

I'm ashamed of every aspect of this case but one thing in particular horrifies me even more than anything else and that is my behavior towards [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] When I was read back by my therapist

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what I had written [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I couldn't control myself. I just couldn't stop crying. I still cry when I think of it. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I just lay in bed awake at night [REDACTED] so indescribably furious at myself.

Now that I have been through therapy and gained insight into my condition [REDACTED] on the rational side of life I would never dream of trying to request child pornography. For all the money in the world you couldn't convince me to go back and harm a child like that.

I have tried hard to make the best of my time in jail. For 10 months I worked almost every day on suicide watch. Having hurt other people, including people I had a duty to care for, I was looking for a way to help people and I found a chance to do so caring for suicidal inmates, trying to help them find hope in their darkest hours. I was also the library clerk in MCC for about 9 months where I cataloged the entire library by myself and helped facilitate the educational programming.

My dream is to come out of jail and use my experiences to give back to society. In jail, my therapist told me that the average age someone is diagnosed with [REDACTED] Your Honor, the [REDACTED] are present from a very young age but the [REDACTED] issues associated with them go undiagnosed and therefore untreated until they turn outwards and the person does something which prompts evaluation, diagnosis and treatment. My dream would be to start a charity aimed at promoting awareness of [REDACTED] among doctors, teachers, community leaders, the legal system, religious leaders, politicians and society in general, and to arrange funding for the expensive evaluation and

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therapeutic process.

Your Honor, I know that if I was diagnosed and received therapy at 15, 20 or 25 that I wouldn't be sitting in your court. That takes nothing away from my responsibility, from the fact that I am solely to blame for what I did.

Since I have been diagnosed and entered therapy, everything about my life makes sense, from the suffering of my childhood all the way to the disgusting behavior I was arrested for. And I've learned through therapy [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] and how to overcome them. I know that if more people can be evaluated earlier, the same will be true for them too and society as a whole will benefit.

Your Honor, I'm not the same person I was 3 years ago. That person died on September 13 2019.

I've spent the past 3 years in prayer, fasting and introspection. I have spent hundreds of hours in therapy and evaluations and I have used my time locked in the cell for months at a time to go over every aspect of my life, from my earliest memories right up to my arrest because I'm determined to live a virtuous life. If you would have asked me the day before I was arrested, I would have told you honestly that I tried to live a good life helping other people as much as I could. When I look back now at that time and the actions I'm responsible for, I feel sick to my stomach.

I can not ever imagine going back to the crimes I committed. The very thought of it horrifies me and causes me to wrench. I lay awake tossing and turning wondering how I could have been so blind, so stupid, how I could have committed such terrible wrongs.

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I apologize before God to the victims of my crime and I apologize from the depths of my heart to everyone who has been affected by them. I am ashamed and disgusted at myself. From the very depths of my soul I apologize unreservedly with all my heart.

Your Honor, I am broken and filled with shame. I wish I could give you a window into my soul and show you my heart. I've caused so much pain to other people and I've ruined my own life too. As the Psalmist wrote (31:13): "For my life is consumed with grief and my years with sighing. My strength has withered because of my sins." I am so truly sorry.

Jonathan Skolnick